witcht with the rogues company. If the raſcal haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be handg: it cold not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, *Poines*, *Hal*, a plague on you both. *Bardoll*, *Peto*, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foot further: and t'were not as good a deed as drinke, to turne true man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yardes of vneuen ground, is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony hearted Villaines know it well enough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another. *They whiſtle.*

Whew, a plague vpō you all, giue me my Horſe, you rogues, Giue me my Horſe, and be hangd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guts, lie downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp again being down? Zbloud, Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot againe for all the Coyne in thy Fathers Exchequer: what a plague mean ye to colt me thus?

Prince. Thou lieſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted,

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe mee to my horſe, Good Kingsſonne.

Prince. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne Heire apparant Garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballades made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I doe againſt my will.

Poin. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, ther's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Falſ. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane: *Ned Poines* and I, will walke lower; if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not rob vs?

Prince. What? a coward Sir *Iohn Pawnch?*

Falſ. Indeed I am not *Iohn* of *Gant* our Granfathe yet no coward, *Hal.*

Prince. Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poynes. Sirra *Iack*, thy horſe ſtands behind the hedg thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt find him, farewell,

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince. *Ned*, where are our diſguiſes?

Poines. Heere hard by ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſa man to his buſines.

Enter the Trauellers.

Tra. Come neighbor, the boy ſhall lead our horſe the hill, weele walke a foote a while, and eaſe our legs.

Theeues. Stay. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines thr horeſon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate v downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere: on bacons, o ye knaues? yong men muſt liue, you are grand Iurer weele iure ye yfaith.

Heere they rob them and bind them; Enter the Prince, and Poynes.

Prince. The theeues haue bound the true men: n thou and I rob the theeues, and goe merrily to *Lond* be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, a ieſt for euer.

Poines. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to fore day: and the *Prince* & *Poines* be not two arrant theres no equity ſtirring, ther's no more valour in than in a wild Ducke.